



"You are old, Father William,"
 the young man said,
 "And your hair has become very white;
 And yet you incessantly
 stand on your head —
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth,"
 Father William replied to his son,
 "I feared it might injure the brain;
 But, now that I'm perfectly sure
 I have none,
 Why, I do it again and again."



"You are old," said the youth,
 "as I mentioned before
 And have grown most u
 Yet you turned a back-som
 in at the door —
 Pray, what is the reason

"In my youth," said the sage
 as he shook his grey
 "I kept all my limbs very
 By the use of this ointment
 one shilling the box —
 Allow me to sell you a